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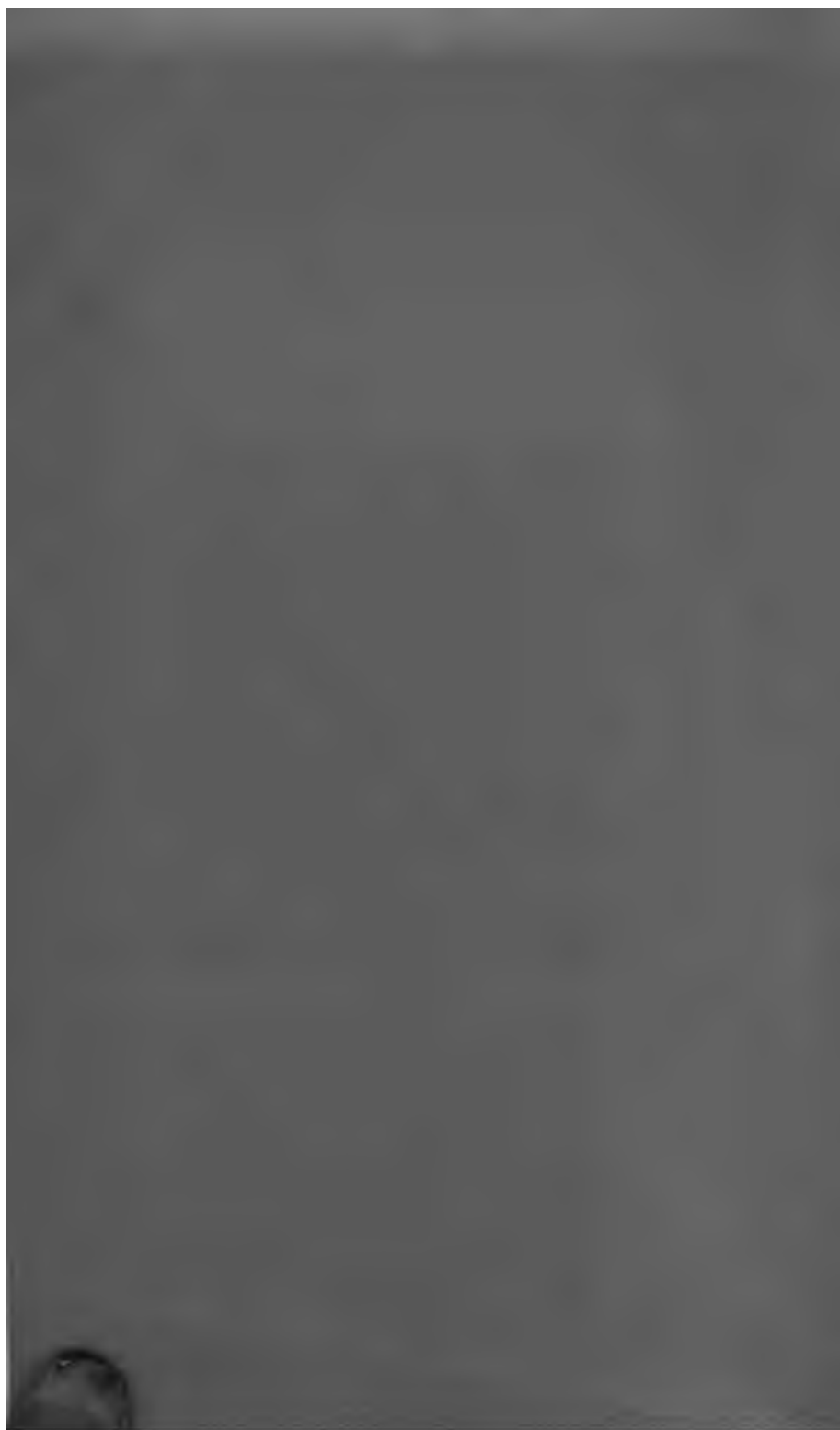
An Englishman's
Appeal and Address to the English People

BY
WILLIAM LAWLER WILSON

LONDON: May 20, 1900.

LONDON:
THE GROSVENOR PRESS, 50 & 60, Chancery Lane, W.C.
and 10, Bedford Square, E.C.
1900.

The Author's



England and The Transvaal:

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WITH A MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA.

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LONDON:

THE GROSVENOR PRESS, 59 & 60, CHANCERY LANE, W.C. ;
And 20, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.

1899.

9 11.0

DT 926
W 754

HAYMAN, CHRISTY & LILLY, LTD.,
PRINTERS,
HATTON WORKS, 118-115, FARRINGDON ROAD,
AND 20-22, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.

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England and the Transvaal.

I.—INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE relations existing between the British Government and that of the South African Republic are now in a state of extreme and critical tension. The present crisis is not the event of a day; it is the direct and often-foretold outcome of a condition of affairs in South Africa, which has long been almost intolerable, and has now ended by becoming impossible. Its history is that of a contention between a free monarchy, which is virtually a republic, on the one hand, and a republic in name, which is, in simple fact, a rigorous oligarchy—all but an absolute despotism—on the other.

At the moment of publication has come the lull before the storm. The British Government, through Sir Alfred Milner, has made demands on the South African Republic, embodying the unalterable minimum of what can be accepted. President Krüger has replied by offering to concede something quite different.

On many hands, people are beginning to speak of peace as already, in sight. As a matter of fact, it is farther off than ever. We can accept nothing less than the five-year franchise: the Boer Volksraad will yield nothing more than a seven-year franchise. One side must give way, or war will inevitably follow.

The seven-year franchise, we may take it, is the Boer ultimatum to England, and the ultimatum of the Afrikaner Bond.

If our statesmen were so mad, or so cowardly, as to yield to the Boer ultimatum, they would be abandoning Sir Alfred Milner in the most shameful manner; but their betrayal of the Uitlanders, and of all loyalists at the Cape, would be still more ignominious. For these

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With a Map of 'Boer' Areas.

LONDON:
THE GOSVENOR PRESS, 59 & 60, CHANCERY, LANC. W.C.
(And 80, St. MARK STREET, E.C.)
1899.

Article 11 provides that any grants or titles of land given by the South African Republic outside of the boundaries of the South African Republic shall be of no effect.

Article 12 provides that the independence of the Swazis shall be fully recognised by the South African Republic.

Article 13. "Except in pursuance of any treaty made in accordance with Article 4 of this Convention" (*i.e.*, subject to Her Majesty's approval) "no other or higher duties shall be imposed on the importation, into the South African Republic, of any article coming from any part of Her Majesty's dominions, than are or may be imposed on the like article coming from any other place or country."

Article 14. "All persons other than natives conforming themselves to the laws of the South African Republic, will have full liberty with their families to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the South African Republic, and will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops, and premises; may carry on their commerce either in person, or by any agent whom they may think fit to employ. They will not be subject, in respect of their persons or property, or in respect of their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are or may be imposed upon all citizens of the said Republic."

Article 15. "All persons other than natives who established their domicile between 12th April, 1877, and 8th August, 1881, and who, within twelve months after such last-mentioned date, have had their names registered by the British Resident, shall be exempt from all compulsory military services whatever."

Article 16 arranges for the mutual extradition of criminals, and the surrender by the South African Republic of deserters from the British forces.

Article 17 provides that all debts contracted between 12th April, 1877, and 8th August, 1881, will be payable in the currency in which they have been contracted.

Article 18 provides that no grants of land, etc., made between 12th April, 1877, and 8th August, 1881, will be invalidated.

Article 19. The Government of the South African Republic herein engaged faithfully to fulfil all the assurances given in accordance with the laws of the South African Republic to the natives at Pretoria Pitso, allowing them full rights as to freedom, justice, etc.

Article 20. "This Convention will be ratified by a Volksraad of the South African Republic within six months after its execution, and, in default of such ratification, this Convention shall be null and void."

1886 Directly after the signing of the convention of 1884, President Krüger's ambition induced him to make a series of determined efforts to increase the power and territory of the republic. Far from being a ruler whose one desire, according to his own showing, has been merely to preserve the independence of his own small State, he has been most persistent and aggressive in his efforts to set up in Africa a Dutch Empire in rivalry to the British. On the south-east a raid was made on Zululand, resulting eventually in the addition of some three thousand square miles of territory to the Transvaal. On the north, continued aggression on the part of the Boers led to the establishment of a British Protectorate. On the west, a raid was made into Bechuanaland, which, had it been as successful as that in Zululand, would have absolutely stopped the British road to the Nile. An English expedition, under Sir Charles Warren, was luckily sent into Bechuanaland in time. Sir Charles Warren drove the Boer raiders before him, and Bechuanaland was made a Crown colony. Swaziland, on the east, was also raided and annexed by the Boers; but a resolution of theirs to seize a neck of territory from Swaziland to the Indian Ocean was completely frustrated by the British Government annexing the country from Zululand to Portuguese East Africa, thus finally stopping the Boer road to the sea.

Thus, not resting content with his territory within the Transvaal, the ambitious President Krüger sought to capture and add to his dominions within a few years the immense districts comprising Zululand, Swaziland, Bechuanaland, Mashonaland, and the strip from Swaziland to the ocean.

At the same time, the most severe reactionary measures were being taken, within the Transvaal, to prevent British citizens from obtaining that equality with the Boers which President Krüger had promised. In 1882 the franchise had been granted to residents of five years' standing. In 1887 the period was extended to fifteen years. In the meantime, as has been mentioned, mining had begun to flourish, and the population of the country to increase.

1895 During the ten years from 1885 to 1895 a great body of immigrants had flowed into the country. In 1895 these were so many as to outnumber the Boer population. In that year there were in the Transvaal some 71,000 Boers and some 80,000 Uitlanders (as the immigrants were called, the word "Uitlander" meaning outlander, or foreigner), of whom about 64,000 were British subjects. These were by no means the good-for-nothing, gambling, drinking, swash-buckling people generally associated with mining camps and towns. They were, and are, unusually industrious, intelligent, and orderly.

Towards these people—the highest class of immigrants in the world, above comparison in education and intelligence with those who land at New York, Quebec, or Sydney—President Krüger made the immense mistake of adopting an unjust, oppressive, and autocratic attitude. A powerful agitation on constitutional lines by the Uitlanders was promptly begun and energetically carried forward. Petitions to the President and the Raad were presented, only to be rejected with contumely and derision. No effect whatever being produced, the feeling among the Uitlanders grew more and more intense, until, on December 26, 1895, Mr. Charles Leonard, chairman of the Transvaal National Union, issued a manifesto setting forth the grievances of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal.

It stated that the Uitlanders were the majority in the country; that they owned more than half of the land and nine-tenths of the property; yet that in all matters affecting their lives, their liberties, and their properties they had absolutely no voice.

“We want” (continued the manifesto):

- “1. The establishment of the Republic as a true Republic.
- “2. A constitution which shall be framed by competent persons selected by representatives of the whole people—a constitution which shall be safeguarded against hasty alterations.
- “3. An equitable franchise law, and fair representation.
- “4. Equality of the Dutch and English languages.
- “5. Responsibility to the Legislature of the heads of the great departments.
- “6. The removal of religious disabilities.
- “7. The independence of the Courts of Justice.
- “8. Liberal and comprehensive education.
- “9. An efficient Civil Service.
- “10. Free trade in South African Republic products.”

At the time when this declaration of rights was issued the Johannesburgers, utterly unable to obtain justice by constitutional agitation, were stirred up to the pitch of revolution. The growing tension between themselves and the obdurate President had produced a general feeling that grave danger was in the air. The place was in a completely defenceless condition. Its inhabitants, of necessity, sought for means of protection; and those who could obtain rifles did so. The total armament of the town, however, never amounted to more than a score or so of maxims, and some three thousand rifles—about one weapon to every twenty inhabitants. The leaders of the reform party feared that the growing hostility might plunge the town eventually—perhaps by the single act of some hotheaded policeman or civilian—into the throes of actual massacre; which, it can be seen now, would certainly have

happened had fighting really broken out between the Uitlanders and the Boers. They accordingly forwarded a message to Dr. Jameson, who with some hundreds of troopers was on British territory not two hundred miles away, requesting him, in case such disturbances should break out, to come to their aid with his men for the sake of the women and children. Unfortunately, it happened that Dr. Jameson—knowing the dangerous state in which affairs stood at Johannesburg—misunderstood the despatch, and took it as practically a request to come at once. The misunderstanding was completed—as such blunders usually are in similar moments of excitement—by yet another mistake. The Reform leaders had promised that Jameson's force should be met by a body of men from Johannesburg. But by this they had intended a political more than an active military demonstration, as Jameson imagined.

In the last days, therefore, of the year 1895, the Reformers were astonished, and even horrified, to learn that Jameson and his men had broken into the Transvaal and were riding furiously for Johannesburg. By this time President Krüger, in fear and confusion, had withdrawn his police from the town and had sent wild messages—for some of which no excuse can be found but the extremest panic—throughout the country. One of these, on being intercepted by the Reform Party, was found to contain an order to a certain Boer commandant to ride through the streets of Johannesburg with his men, shooting right and left indiscriminately, before revolution could break out. This order is the best proof which could be needed of the perfect genuineness of the Reform leaders' appeal on behalf of the women and children. Although no one in Johannesburg doubted that Jameson would be able to get through with his men, the task was found an impossible one. The incoming English force found itself at Krügersdorp hopelessly outnumbered by an enemy in a far superior position, and after a gallant running fight of twenty-four hours was forced to surrender. In the meantime the inhabitants of Johannesburg were induced to disarm.

1897-1898 The abortive rising in Johannesburg had produced no single alleviation of the wrongs and injustices from which the Uitlanders suffered. On the contrary, their discontent was greatly intensified, while at the same time the rigorous edicts of President Krüger simply drove it inward to seeth more rancorously beneath the surface. Nothing was forgotten; nothing was forgiven. The freedom of the Press, the freedom of speech, the independence of the judges, were one by one taken away. The Johannesburgers found that even more than ever before President

Krüger was their determined enemy and oppressor; while at the same time the result of the Jameson Raid had been to tie completely the hands of the British Government.

1899 The Boer Government had proceeded with impunity so rapidly from wrong to wrong, that it seems to have become almost mad with its own obstinacy and pride. The tone of its despatches to the English Government since the Jameson Raid has been almost incredibly insolent and truculent. At the same time the narrowness, corruption, and stupidity of President Krüger and his satellites, glorying in the novel power of a day, has turned the whole world against them. Germany and Holland, once their most devoted friends, have become neutral in the dispute between the British and Boer Governments. Austria and France, formerly also supporters of the Boers, have addressed, through their organs of public opinion, frequent and serious warnings to President Krüger, as to one whose course of action shows him to be an enemy of peace and freedom. Our own colonies, Australia and Canada, whose help could never be obtained to crush a free and liberal people, have offered to send armed forces to join in what now appears to be the inevitable war.

As has often happened in the history of war, a single act of gross injustice has brought the whole matter to a head.

Thomas Edgar, a good and industrious mechanic, was returning home to his wife one night, when he was insulted by a drunken passer. He appears, in the ordinary fashion of English workmen, to have struck the man and then to have gone quietly into his house. A friend of the drunken man thereon called up a number of Boer policemen, who, as Edgar and his wife sat quietly in the house, began to break in the door and window. The door finally gave way, and, as Edgar hurried towards it, one of the policemen deliberately raised his revolver and shot the man dead.

Terrified at their work, the policemen ran away, but the murderer was identified, and charged with the crime. As if to show the Uitlanders that the killing of an Englishman was no great matter, the Public Prosecutor, on his own initiative, and, although the accused was accused of murder, reduced the charge to one of culpable homicide. Superfluous to say, the policeman, for killing an unarmed man in cold blood, was completely acquitted. The judge, in discharging him, made the threatening remark, for the benefit of the Uitlanders, that he hoped the police in Johannesburg would always know how to do their duty. Thus our countrymen in the Transvaal, whose rights of liberty and property had been so long and so flagrantly infringed by the Boers, were finally informed that their lives were held in contempt also. In their helplessness,

the Uitlanders made a last and desperate appeal to the Queen, and this appeal is now being answered by the British Government and the British public opinion, in the steady pressure which both are putting on President Krüger to yield to the Uitlanders' just demands. Before, however, an answer to the petition was sent, a Conference was held at Bloemfontein between President Krüger and Sir Alfred Milner, the English representative in South Africa. The Conference resulted in nothing. But Sir Alfred Milner's despatches to the Home Government, recommending intervention on behalf of the Uitlanders, have been published, and have justified that intervention to the world.

III.—TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

For eighteen years there has been continual trouble between this country and the South African Republic. During that time our Government has addressed more demands, remonstrances, and ultimatums to the Boer Government than to any other five countries in the world. It is obvious, therefore, either that we have some deep-rooted, unaltering grievance against the Transvaal, or else that our Government surpasses all others in evil temper and domineering desires. In an affair causing so much dissension, the point at issue must be a great one, and one which can easily be observed and comprehended by ordinary, plain men. But as the materials for the study of the case are scattered through many books and all the newspapers, I propose to set forth herein as clear and straightforward a statement of the dispute as I am able. I cannot hope to avoid completely all errors or misconceptions; on the other hand, I do sincerely hope to avoid any trace of unfairness or insincerity. Simply as an Englishman who loves his country, I address myself to the English people at large, in the hope that I may be the means of imparting knowledge to those who have a mind to learn more of the subject, and that I may bring them to a firm understanding of what I conceive to be the duty of all Englishmen and of the Government in this crisis.

The subject is great and important; yet, in a sense, almost too

much has been written upon it. On the one side we have had endless hysteric tirades concerning the past-hoping villainy of the Boer people, with overwrought diatribes and narratives dealing with the smaller police oppressions, and other injustices not great enough for international discussion. On the other side we have a violent and almost treasonable support of President Krüger in his grosser wrongdoing, united with scurrilous insults to the whole British population in the Transvaal. In the minds of the former class it seems that there is some subtle connection between elevating the glory of Mr. Rhodes and proclaiming the infamy of Mr. Krüger; in the minds of their opponents on the press are vain imaginings that free Englishmen can tolerate shameless tyranny, if it be but the tyranny of the Boers.

But, in plain fact, the dispute in question is by no means one between Mr. Rhodes and an adversary. It is not even one in which Mr. Rhodes's name need be mentioned. Nor is it, finally, a mere conflict between oppressed Englishmen and oppressive Boers. By right or wrong, it has drifted into the position which it occupies at the present moment, of opening two great ways to the future of this Empire. One of them leads towards that destiny which we all hope awaits this immense union of liberated peoples—a destiny of greater, truer power and higher civilisation. The other road is much shorter, and leads through weak vacillation to a disastrous decline and fall.

The last ultimatum which has been sent to the Boers is none the less plain in meaning because it has not been definitely framed in brief words. The diplomatic position is simply that our Government has pressed for the granting of an equitable franchise to the Uitlanders. President Krüger has not been directly informed that a refusal will bring about the despatch of an English expedition to South Africa; but he and all his people know, as certainly as we ourselves, what the consequences of such a refusal would be. There is no surer guide in these matters than the general feeling of the peoples involved or assistant; and, at the present moment, not only do all the white and the coloured inhabitants of the country feel that the angel of war is brooding over South Africa; but through both hemispheres the rumour is running from lip to lip that the Hour has arrived. For all the nations know well the spirit of the English people—how, though not violent nor impatient, they will not tolerate injustice, burning and unremedied. Therefore they know that the call of our people is no more, "How long, Paul Krüger, shall you continue to abuse our patience?" like the cry to the Roman despot of old; but that now the one word is "Cease!" The ultimatum which has been despatched is thus no diplomatic document. It is a plain challenge from the English

people to an impolitic and tyrannous ruler, and its meaning is, "Do right, or fight us!"

The case against the Transvaal has been set forth by the heads of the Uitlanders themselves in two Declarations of Rights. They have declared that this republic in name is an oppressive oligarchy in fact. That it has no constitution safe from ill-advised and hasty tampering. That, to all intents and purposes, the Uitlanders are absolutely without votes, and without representation. That a dialect of Dutch is officially forced upon them and upon their children, to the exclusion of the English language. That the servants and employees of the State are ignorant, rude, and incompetent. That there is no Freedom for Uitlanders in the country—no freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of trade, freedom of public meeting, political or civil freedom of any kind. That their so-called Courts of Justice are not independent, but are grossly interfered with by politicians. That there is no proper education for their children. That they are heavily and unjustly taxed. That they are forbidden the national right to carry arms in self-defence. That they are made to bear the burden of extortionate State monopolies. That their industries are continually disturbed and harmed by foolish and burdensome laws. That continual promises of reform have been made by President Krüger, all of which have been shamefully broken. That no man's life is safe at the hands of the police. That the Government of the State is the most corrupt in the whole world. That there exists a huge, hateful Secret Service of spies and instigators, which, in proportion to the size and population of the country, is greater than any other in the world, not even excluding the secret service of Russia. That, in short, under the Government of President Krüger, no man's life, or freedom, or property is safe; whilst that against all this intolerable series of extortions, despotisms, and injustices, they have no defence, no help, no remedy.

If these statements, or the half of them, be true, then it is certain that no people in the civilised world—hardly even in the barbarous world—suffer so much wrong as these British and other citizens in the Transvaal.

Are the statements true or false? The answer is simple, overwhelming, terrible. Every man who has enquired into them, every traveller of note who has gone to the Transvaal to examine into them on the spot, even those who have acknowledged themselves as commencing the study with a prepossession in favour of the Boers—aye, the very Boers and their supporters themselves have admitted that these statements are, every one of them, true—absolutely and literally true.

How comes it, then, to pass that, in defiance of all the principles of free and civilised peoples, these Uitlanders have been so slavishly treated? Are they an insignificant body, too few to require legislation? Are they lazy, disorderly, vile? Are they a population such as parts of Australia and America have known, of outlaws, criminals, fugitives from injustice?

The answer is as emphatic as before. They are a great body of people, a hundred and eighty thousand strong, outnumbering all the remaining whites in the State by nearly three to one. They are a law-abiding, orderly people, accustomed to the methods and regulations of a civilised State. They are largely emigrants from England—mechanics, labourers, clerks, travellers, merchants, manufacturers. They have been brought up from birth to understand the duties of good citizens, and to expect to fulfil them. They are well-educated, respectable, intelligent, above all emigrants in the world. They are in every respect a class of people whom any State might be proud and glad to welcome to its citizenship.

What, then, have been their development and conduct since their stay in the new country which they have made their home? They have been, as they were whence they came, a well-behaved, peaceable community. They have applied themselves to their work—the first of all a citizen's duties—with great success. By their industry they have equipped mines, constructed factories, cultivated and improved the soil, and built a splendid city. They have evinced the greatest natural powers of organisation and control.

"The Outlanders," says one who knows them intimately, "have shown marked capacity for self-government in the Transvaal. There are Chambers of Mines, Chambers of Commerce, a Mercantile Association, an Association of Mine Managers, Freemasonry Lodges, Geological and Chemical Societies."

Nor is there anything more false than a suggestion which has been made by certain Boer partisans that the Uitlanders are a mercenary crew with no soul above the making and hoarding of money. As evidence of their generosity and organising capacity combined, I again cite the previous authority. After the great dynamite explosion of four years ago (the victims of which, it should be noted, were almost entirely Dutch), the leaders of the Uitlanders conferred together and within three hours had raised subscriptions to the amount of forty thousand pounds, had organised relief parties, and had despatched complete hospital and medical staffs to the scene of the disaster.

In December, 1895, when the Reform agitation had come to a head, and the Boer police were withdrawn from Johannesburg, further and even more striking proofs of this orderliness and power of self-government were given by the Uitlanders.

It should be remembered that, within the limits of the town at that moment, the armed British greatly exceeded in numbers the armed Boers. That the Boer police had ever been the especial objects of the Uitlanders' hatred, as they had been the instruments of their oppression; and that there was absolutely no power to keep the Uitlanders in order, but their own consciousness of duty and self-respect. Yet, as soon as the Boers had withdrawn, Johannesburg was efficiently policed, without the slightest hesitation, by the order-loving Uitlanders themselves; and, although three thousand men were in the streets with rifles in their hands, there was no looting; no single deed of violence was done; not a single brawl took place; not a single Boer policeman was killed.

Who would dare to say that in London, Paris, Berlin, or any great European town, such an extraordinary scene as this could be witnessed during a time of revolution? It is quite certain that, were similar conditions to prevail in London—the most orderly great town in the world—violence would break out at once, the streets would be in a state of semi-anarchy, and the hostile police, once in the power of the lower inhabitants, would be slain by the hundred.

Thus we have seen that the Uitlanders, far from being a low, criminal, or inferior race, are politically an excellent community of reasonable, well-conducted people; are, in commerce, intelligent, alert, and industrious; and, socially, are generous, cordial, and hospitable.

All charges against the Uitlanders which have been so far combated, have fallen to the ground. Other accusations have been made against them, which, in the eyes of Englishmen, are more serious still; for in these it has been suggested that they are lacking in bravery—even that they were once, as a body, guilty of something approaching treachery. With these charges I shall deal later.

Since then, to all appearances, the Uitlander people are of a kind usually considered most desirable in a State, we must seek to find some reason why they should have met with the treatment which the Boers have apportioned to them; and as it is not easy to discover this in the character of the Uitlanders, we must look for it in the character of the Boers themselves, and of their leaders.

To a certain extreme portion of the English public, the individual Boer doubtless appears as a person of the deepest wickedness of heart, aggravated by a Macchiavellian habit of hypocrisy and duplicity. But wickedness, as an art, is a product of the town; and the Boers are a pastoral people. Their faults and virtues are those of peasants the world over. On the one hand we find

ignorance and credulity, with their companion vices—cunning, uncleanness, and brutality. On the other, we find faithfulness, patient endurance, a stubborn fearlessness of death, with that independence of spirit which we see in all the multitude who can sink no lower and rise no higher in the social scale. The English peasant, it is true, has a little more of learning, refinement, knowledge of the world; while the Boer has a freer, less trammelled soul. In both, is an enrooted hatred of things new and strange. Both are easily confused, easily moved to friendship; still more easily to distrust.

The Boers in the Transvaal have none of the adaptability or the acuteness of the Uitlanders. Socially, they are the lowest people in the country; they labour with their bodies, while the Uitlanders work with their heads. In the words of an English workman resident in the country, "The Boers do the work which no other white man will undertake." If the Uitlander is signally suited for self-government, the Boer is as markedly the reverse. As Captain Younghusband has pointed out, the Uitlanders have formed representative organisations for all the purposes of commerce, society, politics, and pleasure. But, as the writer adds, "The Boers have none of these." We have already seen how the quick and generous Uitlanders came to the relief of their Dutch adversaries, after the great dynamite explosion, which has been mentioned. As a corollary to this, it may be observed that the Boer Government, with all its resources consolidated and ready to the hand, was unable to bring relief to the sufferers until some considerable time after the Uitlanders, spontaneously organised, had set in motion the work of rescue and assistance.

It should not be forgotten that the whole of the mining and other industries of the Transvaal would have been in the hands of the Boers to-day had it not been for their own incurable slowness, stupidity, and apathy. The Boer had all the superior opportunities of the man who is first on the spot; but while he stayed there listlessly doing nothing, the Uitlander appeared on the scene, and, by his own hard work, expenditure, and foresight, fairly and honourably gained possession of the soil. The Uitlander obtained nothing by force or confiscation. He suffered from every disadvantage as compared with the Boer. He holds his rich properties to-day simply by dint of his better mental and moral armaments in the struggle for existence.

Practically, the sole complaint of the Boer people against the Uitlanders is that the foreigners have been more successful than themselves. Their attitude, in brief, is simply one of unreasoning jealousy—the discontented envy of the man with five pounds towards the man with ten.

Is there one Boer farmer or labourer in the country poorer to-day because of the coming of the Uitlander? Not so; but, on the contrary, every Boer in the country is a third richer. The great inrush of foreigners has meant ever-increasing markets for Boer produce. With this advent have come railroads, where before were found but cattle trails. Employment has arisen for the poorer Boers, who, having previously lived in semi-starvation, are now well fed and clothed as police, civil servants, soldiers, and the like. The country, from being poor, has become rich. Its population has increased by leaps and bounds. Its revenue has risen from seventy-five thousand pounds to five million pounds. So that, far from the Uitlander having been a source of loss, injury or oppression to the native Boer, he has been an inexhaustible fount from which have sprung wealth, comfort, and prosperity.

As we proceed, it thus becomes harder and harder to discover any valid reason why the Uitlander, who has practically made the Transvaal, should be subjected to a tyranny such as obtains in no other part of the world—a tyranny far worse than that which the Russians have recently begun to exercise over the Finnish people. It is equally difficult to grasp why, when the remonstrances and protests of the Finns have evoked throughout the world a passionate outburst of sympathy and approval, there are to be found some within our own country—and these calling themselves the friends of right and liberty—who would angrily thrust down our countrymen in the Transvaal, when they, too, struggle to be free.

In itself the jealousy of the Boer peasants would have availed nothing, to keep from the Uitlanders the rights and duties of the citizenship which they have demanded to fulfil. But a strong arm of oppression was found, and in the person of one man—that of President Krüger. In the whole world no public man is so little understood as this strange, antique figure. A homely, unassuming, unaffected person this! To all appearances, a steadfast, simple-minded, irascible old man; the father of his people; the earnest protector of their independence. A supremely interesting study to the European traveller in Pretoria—keeping open house like a mediæval baron; receiving all, rich and poor, who care to make his acquaintance; dispensing coffee and tobacco to the meanest of his burghers; greeting them, in patriarchal fashion, with a grunt and a nod of welcome, and an iron handshake. It is so fascinating to watch his lined and rugged face breaking out in storm or sunshine; so amusing to listen to his extraordinary opinions on men and the world; so charming to hear him speak in parables and symbols; to note his blunders and mistakes. "Tell me any country in the world," thunders he fiercely to an English visitor, "where the citizen is more lightly taxed than the Uit-

lander in the Transvaal!" "There is one called England," is the visitor's immediate reply; "the taxation there is not one-fourth as heavy as yours." "Dear me," growls the simple-hearted old man; "I had not heard of *that* before." An interesting study, this strange creature. So. But under this simple exterior, clothed ludicrously in Dopper coat and hat, is an acute, piercing, calculating individuality. He is a strong person, this President of the Bible and Sword. Aye, and a cunning, determined, not over-scrupulous person, too. All public men, one may suppose, are in some degree actors; and, with them, Paul Krüger. To be an actor does not necessarily mean to be a complete hypocrite; and if Krüger is an actor, he is one, at least, who acts himself. He is not wholly insincere; his is not the smart, dapper soul of a Leyds in the burred husk of the country-side Boer. He acts what he is. But he has observed, adapted, and developed his own mannerisms of mind and act. To some extent, though by no means wholly, he deceives himself. This morose habit, rising into excited volubility; this fiery outlook on life; this spluttering, jerking of the head, thumping on the table—all these are natural and fitting characteristics of his. But, none the less, they are not merely the ways and expressions of the simple, wilful old countryman. They are a tumbled cloak over a rigid determination. He uses them as some men use deafness—they can hear clearly enough, when you least expect it. Or as some men use a stammer—it gives them time to think. It is valuable to the old President at times that you should not understand him plainly; he can understand *you* quite well, for all his own turgidity. He has thus proved the truth of the old proverb that "It takes a wise man to make a fool"; for it takes an able man, indeed, to be as stupid as Paul Krüger. His cunning is great—great enough to be his complete undoing. The direct desire of his people's good, and their country's independence, is not his one motive and inspiration; on which point let his own actions speak for him. They are not, perhaps, more obscure than his words.

He began life as the worldly, determined, materialistic man of ambition. The instinct of the natural ruler and handler of men was that which urged him to conspire and intrigue, in Fenian style, against the English rule. As a fearless, astute, masterful being, he saw, in his early days, great possibilities for a man who would seize the supreme control of the State. The weakness of President Burgers angered and disgusted him. The credulity of his countrymen showed him the means of power over their hearts and minds. The English rule gave him his excuse. The English Government's temporary lack of energy in Transvaal affairs afforded him his opportunity. Setting to work in quiet fashion,

he found, like Catiline, many discontented, factious, unoccupied minds, ready for any good conspiracy which should promise rewards and excitement. The field, too, was practically open to him. His friends might go through the Transvaal where they listed, engendering discontent and a desire for change, without any real hindrance. The task of working up the revolution, therefore, was not great. Once the simple Boer mind was tinged with distrust, every English promise became a wilful falsehood, every administrative blunder a piece of despotism. The loss of that independence which they had readily, even thankfully, yielded to Sir Theophilus Shepstone and his twenty-five policemen, now became a thing to weep over. Such a daring man as Krüger had no fear of using terrorism as a weapon. And, accordingly, when Sir Bartle Frere came into the country, he received many complaints from peaceable Boers of the violent behaviour of the firebrand agitator and his turbulent party.

This was the Paul Krüger of the younger days—resolute, unscrupulous, intriguing. And, withal that the present Paul Krüger is so unaffected, religious, ignorant in the world's ways to all outward seeming, we shall find the same man there still; but more finished, astute, calculating than before, as befits a ruler of his experience.

Had the ambitious soul within him contained the seeds of real greatness, Krüger to-day had assuredly been a character in whom not only his countrymen, but the whole world, could take pride. A man like Washington belongs to all nations who honour lofty and steadfast patriotism, unselfishness, rectitude of principle; and Krüger has, in the manner of these over-hasty times, been compared with Washington.

It is a good practice, when one is unable to form a satisfactory estimate of some public man, to test him by comparison with some other person, who is known for high and certain qualities. If, in this manner, we use the character of George Washington to test Paul Krüger's, we shall readily find of what metal the old Boer President is made. The result must be sadly, pitifully disappointing to those who admire the man. Is it not almost an insult to the memory of George Washington, that eternal criterion of the highest probity and devotion to country, to say in what respects Paul Krüger is like and in what unlike him? There is little resemblance between the supremely truthful, chivalrous American, and the false, cunning peasant—Krüger. George Washington, we are told, invariably removed his hat in passing in courtesy to the meanest negro slave. Paul Krüger treats his negroes as vermin; and Englishmen, of whom Washington was one, as little better than negroes. The American Revolution was carried on in an

open, manlike, straightforward manner, by a high-minded, refined, courageous gentleman. The Transvaal Revolution was born in secret conspiracy, with a Fenian of the worst character to help it into existence. Washington was a great statesman and a great general. Krüger has never shown himself to be more than a demagogue and a filibuster. The diplomacy of the former was honourable, firm, direct. That of the latter is mere craft.

In these affairs of State, nothing succeeds more than sincerity: diplomacy being simply business negotiation between countries. But a country which has once been deceived by another—as England by Russia in recent Chinese affairs—is not easy to entrap again. Let but a procedure of lying and deceit be once entered upon, and thenceforth there is no hope for the diplomatist who has employed it to succeed by the truth: he need not be twice found out. Wherefore, the first step of complete falseness in diplomacy lands the ruler or Government who employs it in an endless maze of tricking and fraud.

President Krüger's first step in this direction has cost him and his people dear. He has been compelled to enter further and further on a career of untruthfulness, to which none of us can see the end. It is not too much to say that at this moment, no undertaking or promise of President Krüger would be accepted, no declaration would be believed, in any of the chancelleries of Europe, without such guarantees as would completely dispense with the necessity for any promise or declaration at all. His pledges to the Uitlanders, and their uniform fracture, are like to become proverbial. He has, in the end, come to this, that what promises he makes he never intends to fulfil; what apparent concessions he gives, he himself nullifies and frustrates by secret and countervailing acts. His account of expenses and claims in connection with the Jameson inroad has recently been handed in. Could such an indemnification demand have been presented by any other Government in the world? Nine-tenths of the expenditure is simply proposed or contemplated. The remaining tenth is—there is no other expression for it—falsified. One can hardly conceive George Washington instructing his chancellor, in the manner of a thieving huckster, to foist improper charges into his accounts. No one can imagine—and this is the most serious matter of all—the great American President, in the very hour of his struggle for freedom, bringing into existence such an immense Secret Service system as that for whose cause alone President Krüger's Government should fall, amid lasting contempt and ignominy.

In one year President Krüger pays his spies, subordinates, perjurers, corrupters, instigators, as much as would maintain a formidable army of men. Englishmen, so unused to government on

this model, would hardly bring themselves to believe to what length President Krüger's Secret Service has gone. The world has recently seen it manufacture a treason-plot. What the world does not see is of infinitely more importance and danger. This Secret Service is not only an organisation of spies; it spends large sums in corrupting individuals, newspapers, and press agencies.*

We have gone far enough in our comparison of Washington and Krüger. If it has not helped us to a high estimation of what the Boer President is, it has at least shown us what he is not. It is, strange to say, the one leading characteristic to which President Krüger can lay claim—that of astuteness—which has failed him in the blunder of his life. The fact that he has amassed a fortune, for which his official salary and allowances hardly account, does indeed put an end to all faith in his honesty; but no one would

* Despatches received in the City state that, since the outbreak of the Transvaal crisis, nearly £60,000 has been spent in securing press support for Mr. Krüger in this country. In one instance, it is said, £20,000 has been paid to a single daily newspaper. There are rumours of a Parliamentary inquiry into the relations between the Transvaal and the newspapers which support it in this country.—*Manchester Courier*.

See also a number of references in the *Daily Mail*, particularly in June, 1899, to the subsidies given by the Boer Government to the newspaper agencies which are responsible for the accounts of Boer procedure despatched to England. The receipt of these subsidies is (for excellent reasons) not even denied by the agencies in question.

I can state on the best authority—that of a Transvaal Secret Service agent himself—that very considerable numbers of President Krüger's servants are permanently at work in London for the purpose of spying, despatching private information, and "influencing" the press. These men—largely unknown to one another—are spied and reported upon in turn. During the present crisis, the whole energies of these emissaries are being expended in moving heaven and earth to obtain the support of unsuspecting Englishmen for President Krüger. The reader is therefore warned that, of the sympathy which is expressed for the Boer Government, no small part is manufactured and paid for.

The whole of the troops sent out from England to South Africa are actually counted by these spies before embarkation—the official figures not being considered enough by President Krüger. Among this force of agents are two ex-detectives of the London police, who are in receipt of pensions from the English Government.

Three things in this crisis should be regarded with particular suspicion: First, any newspaper articles expressing admiration for the statesmanlike magnanimity of President Krüger; second, the cablegrams of two of the press agencies in South Africa; third—not as bribe-takers, but as Fenian-Boer partisans—the members of the Irish party in the House of Commons.

It may, perhaps, interest the reader to know, that when the fact of the coming issue of this pamphlet reached the ears of a certain Transvaal Secret Service intermediary in London, a deliberate suggestion was made to the writer that the sum of £500 could be obtained from President Krüger's secret fund in London for its suppression. Of the nature of the reply given, this publication is sufficient evidence.

have supposed him so lacking in wisdom, as to reject and destroy the friendship of a very considerable and powerful body of his subjects. "Do not offend great communities" is a maxim of the expedient school of legislators; yet herein he has erred, and, not out of his pronounced regard for the "main chance" in life, not out of his regard for any interest or principle whatsoever, but simply out of utter short-sightedness and stupidity, he has grossly, unforgiveably offended those who have now become the great majority in the State. I have shown that it is neither in the character of the Uitlanders, nor in the opposition of the Boers at large, that must we look for the root of the ceaseless trouble which has arisen between the two peoples. The sole cause of the whole conflict is the mistake which Paul Krüger committed at the beginning of his presidential career, in making enemies of the Uitlanders; a blunder which he has perpetrated by blind, animal obstinacy.

There is no argument against admitting the Uitlanders to their due share in the government of the Transvaal, which does not apply with equal effect to the immigrants who have thronged into the neighbouring Orange Free State, to those who have in late years flooded the British colony of Western Australia, and, in short, to all immigrants in any country on the earth. If President Krüger has any right to deny a proper franchise to Englishmen in the Transvaal, we have absolutely the same right to deny the franchise to the Dutch in the Cape. What this headstrong man has deliberately set himself to do, is simply to defy the political principles on which practically the whole world is now governed. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that when he whines for sympathy the whole world turns upon him and offers him naught but opprobrium and reproof. That he and his satellites are alone responsible for the distracted state of affairs in the Transvaal is not only asserted by politicians and statesmen of high position in all parties—it is actually admitted by the Boers themselves. If the Boer people had any real, substantial grievance against the Uitlanders, if they themselves had been responsible for the narrowing of the franchise, and for the oppression with which the newcomers have been treated, it is certain that they would not now permit (as by their public meetings they are, and have been, permitting) the altering of the franchise in an instant, to which Paul Krüger's Government have assented. Under pressure, you may force a Raad and its leaders to abandon an occupied position very quickly: you cannot change the minds, the desires, and the beliefs, of a whole nation within a few weeks. But the truth is, that while the Boers at large think that President Krüger is a good man for the Transvaal, they know him of old to be a firebrand, and a stiff-necked, unyielding man. So much so that, at the time when the Reform agitation reached its height, there were very many Boers, members of Krüger's own party,

who roundly declared that the President himself was responsible for the whole outbreak. Further still, when President Krüger, at the coming of Jameson, sent panic-stricken telegrams through the country, urging all the burghers to come to his aid, there were found many Boers who flatly refused to do so, but sent back the message instead, that, as Krüger had kindled the fire in Johannesburg, he himself should put it out; and were only in the end moved to rise by fresh and ludicrous despatches from President Krüger, to the effect that Jameson's tiny force was threatening the independence of the country.

There is thus in the Transvaal no real grievance of any kind whatever against the Uitlanders. There is nothing against them but an unimportant jealousy of the riches which they have honestly gained from the soil: riches of which the Boers—like the Chinese with their mines, lands, and other natural resources to-day—have been too supine to avail themselves; to this jealousy we may add the false and manufactured complaints of Pretoria. Let us now see what these latter are, and inquire into them.

For reasons of his own, President Krüger chooses to adopt an attitude of pained indignation towards the Uitlanders. "They are a mercenary body," he cries, and with him all his corrupt followers, anxious for their places. "They come to Johannesburg for riches; and, having obtained them, leave the country at once. They do not intend to make the Transvaal their home. They are not good citizens, because they will not fight for the country. They do not want the franchise; they do not need it and they would not use it."

Was ever a more ludicrous set of grievances and excuses formulated by human beings? History records none; fable only rises to the same foolish height in the reasons given by the wolf, why he should eat the lamb. Yet, as these very charges have been repeated by President Krüger's supporters in the English press, I will reply to them; and shall claim no credit for demolishing utterly accusations whose absurdity is their own destruction.

"The Uitlanders," cry the Krüger-band, "are mercenary gold-hunters, sordid capitalists." Is it a crime in the Transvaal, I ask, for an Englishman to engage in the pursuit of industry and commerce, when it is an honourable thing in England? Are the callings which Englishmen follow in that country improper, shameful, or illegal? Do the finances of the world need gold less than the stomachs of the poor need bread? From the press of a great commercial country like England, there is indeed something insane, something abominably disgusting, in this crying down of the acquisition of wealth, in which Englishmen excel all other nations. Since the trades and occupations in which our countrymen under President Krüger are engaged are lawful and necessary, I say that

those are good and praiseworthy men who apply to them all the application and intelligence of which they are capable. Englishmen do indeed go to Johannesburg for riches, and some of them do leave the country as soon as they have found them—not always, presumably, the affair of a year or two. But that the majority of them stay there, meaning to make the place their lasting home, is shown by the extraordinarily rapid rate at which the population of Johannesburg increases year by year. In simple fact, ninety in the hundred of all Uitlanders in Johannesburg are permanent residents, no less than the Boers themselves. But, even if all of them were merely birds of passage, is that a reason why they should not be well governed while they *are* in the country? If any number of Dutchmen or Boers go into a British colony, are they not treated like free men, and have they not the protection of the law, equally with Englishmen, so long as they choose to remain there?

“The Uitlanders will not fight for the country,” declaims President Krüger; and on this point he has laid great stress. No; it is true, they will not fight for a country wherein they are treated like abject slaves; wherein they possess not one-half of the rights and privileges which the English Government grants to the meanest native of Hindustan. They will not fight for a tyrant. Were they to do so they would be countenancing, encouraging, and excusing his tyranny. It is as if President Krüger were to say: “See these dogs of Englishmen! I have smitten them on the one cheek: and they have not turned to me the other. I have robbed them of their tunics: and they have not delivered up to me their cloaks!”

I honour my countrymen in the Transvaal not less, but the more highly for having refused to raise their arms in defence of an autocrat: for I know that Englishmen can fight. But, if President Krüger needs proof that an Englishman will not hesitate at war, but will lay down his life for a good cause, I will tell him that proof will come in that hour when it shall be the turn of Englishmen to smite him and his Boers hip and thigh, and to fling them to the earth. Even now there are fifteen thousand uniformed Englishmen in Cape Colony and Natal waiting for the day when the British Government shall give them the command to go forth on their ancient work of conquering a despotic race, and of setting a deserving people free. And on every heart among those fifteen thousand men is engraved, like the word Calais on the heart of Queen Mary, the name of Majuba Hill. And that name at present is a disgrace, but it shall not always be so!—for when the English troops go pouring forth from Ladysmith to cross the Transvaal border, will you, PAUL KRUGER, repeat then your taunt to our fellow-countrymen that Englishmen dare not fight?

Let me now answer your next mad excuse for oppression. “The

Uitlanders do not want the franchise ; they do not need it, and they would not use it." If these men do not want the franchise, what, in the name of heaven, have they been struggling for during the last fifteen years? If they do not need it, why have so many of them staked so much on its acquirement? If they will not use it, then what reason have you to fear, as you do fear, granting it? These charges are answered.

Now again I address myself to my countrymen, and shall deal with a subject on which, earlier, I promised to speak. Let me take the reader back to the last days of the year 1895, when the great Reform agitation had reached its height in Johannesburg, and had culminated in the issue, by the head of the National Union, of the manifesto of demands which has been cited in another place. Revolution was in the air—revolution, the last and ever sacred resort of overburdened peoples driven to despair. The armament of the town had begun. Maxim guns had been imported. Rifles were ready to be served out—to the number of fifty thousand, said rumour: there were but three thousand, in fact. The message asking for help, should the need arise in the future, had been sent to Dr. Jameson. Another few weeks would possibly have placed the town in a comparatively fair condition of defence. At last, the hour seemed at hand when Englishmen should regain their wonted liberty. But at this moment, when all things appeared to be going well, the inevitable blunders which dog the steps of revolution, burst into being; and, when nobody was ready to receive him or to support him, Dr. Jameson crossed the border and advanced, hot-foot, on Johannesburg. In doing so he made a mistake—a terrible mistake. Had he waited but a short time longer, he would probably have been able to join forces with the Reformers, and the Council of the Uitlanders would have been enabled to negotiate with President Krüger for their rights, with a considerable and ever-increasing armed force at their backs. But, although Dr. Jameson was in error, his mistake was merely one of judgment: he has not to reproach himself at this day with inertia, with stupidity, with cowardice, with any of the faults which leave a grievous stain on a man's honour. He failed, as did also the rising in Johannesburg. But neither was disgraced by the failure. In every attempt at revolution, the mathematical chances of success cannot be greater than one in five; and that this outbreak ended unfortunately is no shame to those who took part in it. They can at least declare, what not all human beings can say in the hour of failure, that they tried their utmost; and for having tried alone, although unfruitfully, they deserve no trifling credit.

The English people were in many minds when they heard of Dr. Jameson's inroad. They condemned it, as against the law; yet, on

the other side, there was to be reckoned with the fact that the Boers themselves have been most frequent and determined raiders. Had the Boers always been a peaceable and orderly folk—had they themselves never made raids into Bechuanaland, Mashonaland, Swaziland, and Zululand—Dr. Jameson's offence would undoubtedly have seemed far greater. As it was, although he had committed a very wrong and grave act in the eyes of the law, they could not but see that this had been provoked by the intolerable burdens which President Krüger had placed upon the Uitlanders. In addition to this, as no people on the world are so readily and keenly thrilled by deeds of bravery as the English, they could not but regard with wonder and esteem the leader who, with only seven hundred men at arms, had resolutely dared to face the fifteen thousand burghers of the Transvaal. Even from the angered Boers themselves was extorted admiration for this little band of headstrong Englishmen, who had not feared, not merely to repel, but actually to attack, a force infinitely outnumbering their own.

But with regard to the Uitlanders, very different sentiments were expressed. Dr. Jameson, said English public opinion, had risked his life for their sake; right or wrong, they should have risked their lives for him. And here generally followed from most men frank and fierce assertion that the Uitlanders had behaved in a wholly mean-spirited manner; like dogs, indeed; and so forward. To this day, I am convinced, great bodies of the English people, insufficiently informed of the real facts, hold to the same view: that the Uitlanders were guilty of an inexcusable act of treachery and desertion.

On the face of it, the accusation contains something very improbable—that a community of some sixty thousand Englishmen could find it in their hearts to abandon so good a friend and leader. For the honour of the English name, I thank God that the charge is utterly untrue. Whosoever enquires carefully into all the details of the attempted revolution is forced to acquit the Reformers of having committed so dreadful a deed as that of which some few have asserted, and many have believed, them guilty.

The Reform leaders had not less warrant for complaining of Dr. Jameson than he had of them. He, at the time when he lay, utterly collapsed with misery and anguish, in Pretoria jail, honestly believed that they had deliberately abandoned him. They, for their part, were plunged into despair for the ruin which his advance had brought to all their plans and preparations. For them, he had come at precisely the wrong time: his error had rendered abortive the whole revolution. As we know now, the cause of it all was a series of natural blunders, for which the necessary secrecy and brevity of their intercommunications were responsible.

With Johannesburg practically unarmed, with the Boers ready to shell the town at a moment's notice, what heartless creatures would the Reform leaders have been, had they, by sending an armed force to meet Dr. Jameson's, brought about active hostilities between their small band of riflemen and the Boers! The carnage which must have followed is too dreadful to contemplate: they would have been committing thousands of brave people to a certain death. At Dr. Jameson's advance their hands were tied: their prospects of success were shattered. They could but await, in agony of mind, whatever termination President Krüger, with his immense force, chose to put to the lamentable affair.

It was otherwise with the body of the Uitlanders themselves. They had previously hoped to obtain their rights from President Krüger, without having recourse to the ordeal of arms. But now that the revolution had come, and three thousand of them were walking the streets with rifles in their hands, they would do as their forefathers had done before them, and fight for the liberty which had been denied to their just and peaceable demands. They did not know that Dr. Jameson's coming had overturned everything. They could not understand why, having once gone so far, the heads of the Reform League should lead them no farther. From the headquarters of the Council they could get no definite word of command. But one thing was certain: Dr. Jameson had invaded the Transvaal and—for their sake.

Their gratitude for his endeavours was intense. Trustworthy eye-witnesses of the dramatic scenes of this brief revolt have declared that the feeling of the people of Johannesburg towards Dr. Jameson was one of simple adoration. They were more than willing, they were eager, to risk their lives in an attempt to join forces with him. But they had no leaders: no responsible man was there to take charge of the expedition into whose ranks they were waiting to flock. As Jameson drew nearer, and his ability to break through—at first certain, and always hopeful—became doubtful, and at last desperate, their grief and shame rose hourly. Their murmurings filled the streets. At all hazards, at all dangers, said many, Dr. Jameson must be succoured. Finally came the news of the capture of his force. Yet, even then, the men of Johannesburg wished to go to his relief. Pathetic scenes are recorded—and this, be it remembered among the people who have been so widely accused of a treacherous abandonment—of bodies of men banding themselves together, determined to face actually certain death, in the forlorn hope of rescuing the man who would have been their saviour. But still no one could be found to lead them: none but a madman or a criminal would have done so, when such an expedition would have brought massacre to the streets of Johannesburg.

On the contrary, the greatest pressure was put upon them to abandon warlike methods, and to yield up their rifles. For now the representatives of the British Government were employing all their power, in the most vehement manner, to drive Jameson back the way he had come, and to procure the disarmament of Johannesburg. The armed Uitlanders, gathered before the Reform buildings, were informed in a speech by Sir Jacobus de Wet that they were in hopelessly inferior force to the Boers; that the latter held immense advantages over them in point of numbers, position, and weapons. This, one might have supposed, would have been enough; but the effect of the speech was nothing. Not a man moved—not a rifle was delivered up. Instead, the whole great crowd remained immovably and sullenly silent. They would not give up their arms; even though heavily outnumbered they would still fight the Boers—their enemies. Then there spoke to them Sir Sidney Sheppard. "Men of Johannesburg," he said, "I know that no consideration of your personal safety would impel you to disarm; but I know, too, your affection for Dr. Jameson; and when I tell you that a persistence in your refusal will inevitably bring about his death, I have no doubt of what you will do." This address produced the desired effect; and that which the fear of death could not induce them to do, they did out of sheer love and gratitude.

And these are the men who have been assailed by President Krüger's supporters in the English press as creatures with no soul above money—as wretched beings who would accept, but dared not fight for, freedom. As for the leaders of the agitation—the capitalists, the coveters of the Rand, at whose conduct "high-minded men," to quote Sir William Harcourt, were filled with revolt—their behaviour was not less noble than that of their followers. In the hour when the revolution had failed, and the strength of Pretoria was gathering rapidly, a private messenger brought them warning that President Krüger, having their lives at last in his power, would not hesitate at extreme measures. They were urgently advised to fly at once: from trustworthy indications, it was predicted that their remaining in Johannesburg would mean certain death. One and all could have escaped at that moment. One and all decided to stay and face the consequences. Here, then, is the true account of the conduct of the reformers throughout their abortive rising; and I am sure that many Englishmen who have thought hardly of them in the past, will rejoice to be able to reflect that their countrymen in Johannesburg did nothing to stain the honour or bravery of their nation. Their whole struggle for reform has, in fact, been carried on, from first to last, as Sir Alfred Milner himself has testified, at no small personal risk; and there

is no ground whatever for any suggestion that the Reformers ever have been influenced in their long-continued struggle by unworthy motives—do not these men deserve to be free?

“But,” says the Krügerite press, “the Transvaal is a great gold-bearing country. These men have no desire but to capture its riches, and to destroy its independence.”

What malicious folly is this! How could any private body of men acquire, by revolution or conquest, the riches of the Rand? Had the rising been successful, would any man's land have been sequestered? Would any Company's mine have been confiscated? All the valuable land in the country is in the hands of private bodies and individuals; but, in these days, when any country is conquered, the only property which can be confiscated is that of the State. After the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine were added to the German Empire. But the property of private individuals remained in precisely the same hands as before the war. So it would have been in the Transvaal. Yet, even for the sake of argument, supposing that the object of the reformers was really to capture the rich territory of the country, is it not the grievance of the very persons who have suggested this, that the whole of the rich, gold-bearing land is, and was already, in the possession of these very reformers and their friends? These complaints and reasonings are too trifling to demand further deliberation.

But another class of contention has been put forward by the Boer partisans, and this we will now briefly consider. “We were in the land,” say its inhabitants, “before the Uitlanders came. We did not invite them, and wish they were away. They came of their own free will; we do not like them, and we shall treat them as we think fit. Moreover, the Transvaal is ours, and ours alone by right of conquest. We fought and bled for it, and no people but we have any right in the country.”

There is always a very weak spot in this first species of argument, and it is this: that if the Boers wish to claim any superior rights over the English, because of their having been before them in the country, then they must first concede still higher rights to the original inhabitants of the land, to wit—the natives. But as, far from this, they have uniformly slain, tricked, and ill-treated these original inhabitants, their argument falls utterly to the ground. Nor, in any event, can any argument be admitted as valid which has for its object the oppression of Englishmen. For the freedom of Englishmen is a natural and eternal right which no earthly power can ever take away.

The declaration of the Boers that they did not invite the Englishmen to the country, and wish they had not come, is the

declaration of a barbarous, and not of a civilised, people. Individual Englishmen may have an objection to the presence of the immigrant Polish Jews in London; but this would hardly be accepted as a valid reason at law for treating them as some portions of the Chinese people treat the "foreign devils" who chance to travel among them. This argument, in short, is as unsound as the previous one; and, if accepted, would not only provide the Boers with an excuse for robbing Englishmen of their property, but also for depriving them of their lives; so that, with this for a text, they might issue instructions for all Englishmen in the country to be shot on sight, like poisonous snakes, or mad dogs.

Much has been made of the third clause of objection to the presence of the Uitlanders; and this, in addition to being as false, in reason and in right, as the two which have now been discussed, has the additional disadvantage of being insincere and hypocritical. "We are a simple, homely, God-fearing, old-fashioned population," protest the Boers. "We do not understand the Uitlander, with his enterprise, his commerce, and his new-fangled ways. We wished nothing better than to be left alone in our pastoral peace, each man under his own vine and fig tree."

It is not a little difficult to understand the state of mind of the people who give voice to this argument. For these homely, God-fearing people, on whom the presence of the wicked, money-hunting Uitlander jars so painfully, have yet not hesitated to fill their pockets with his presumably ill-gotten gold. It is as if some pious inn-keeper should say to his wife, "The presence of this rich traveller, who is to-night sleeping in our house, dislikes me. He wears citified clothes. His manners are too sharp and affected. I doubt not that his pockets are full of gold wrung from the poor and lowly." Whereat the honest landlord and his wife give expression to their emotion by robbing the traveller, at dead of night, of all he possesses.

This is the attitude of the Boers towards the Uitlander. They do not want him in their country; but, so long as he is with them, all will lend a hand in robbing him under the name of taxation, and in grinding him down under the name of the law. To the ordinary person, there must seem but little difference between "wanting" the milch cow and "wanting" her milk; between "wanting" the goose and "wanting" her golden eggs. Since the Boers have not disdained to extract money from the Uitlander for their own benefit, as shrewdly and as unceasingly as a modern extortioner from his client, no common mind can grasp their meaning when they declare—these unpretending, simple, pastoral folk—that they do not want the Uitlander among them.

To call the country theirs by right of conquest, and by right

of having fought and bled for it, is to give high-sounding names to a small thing. To deem that they won the country by force of arms, when the whole of their military operations extended to a series of but very inconsiderable skirmishes with Sir George Colley's small brigade, is the mistake of grossly ignorant and conceited heads. The skirmishes were but the beginning of a real conflict. Had the Boers joined battle with the army of Sir Evelyn Wood, they might then truly have claimed that they had fought and bled freely for their country; but, as the result thereof would beyond question have been a disastrous defeat for themselves, they would not in that case have been able to call the country theirs by any right whatever.

The Transvaal never passed into their hands by conquest. It was given to them by Mr. Gladstone, who, in the kindness of his heart, imagined that his magnanimity and generosity would, ever after, be requited by unceasing gratitude towards England, and towards the Englishmen within their gates. What return has been made by these overgrown and thankless people for the splendid treatment which they received at our hands, the present crisis shows.

Here is the crucial point in this dispute. The Transvaal was given to the Boers, by a country with immensely superior forces, ON TRUST AND ON CONDITIONS. If it can be shown that this Trust has been broken, if it can be shown that these Conditions have been violated, then the necessary consequence—right, reasonable, and overwhelmingly logical—is that **THE COUNTRY MUST REVERT FROM THE PEOPLE WHO RECEIVED IT TO THE PEOPLE WHO GAVE IT.** "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," says the Bible. In like manner, this nation now declares, and its voice is echoed by its sons in every land on the face of the earth, "England gave, and England shall take away!"

For has not the Trust been broken utterly? Have not the Conditions been violated again and again? The TRUST was contained in the solemn promise made by President Krüger himself, on behalf of his countrymen, eighteen years ago, that Englishmen should be treated in the Transvaal on a footing of equality with the Boer burghers. Never has any trust, placed in the faith of any ruler, been more completely, more ignominiously, broken than this. The CONDITIONS were contained in the Conventions of 1881 and 1884. Four times, our Colonial Secretary has declared, have flagrant violations of these conditions brought England and the Transvaal to the verge of war.

Can there yet be found any sane man in this country to believe that we have not allowed this breaking of faith to continue long enough? Can any man point to a case in the history of the world, where a great Power has allowed a perjured smaller Power such latitude as

we have allowed the Transvaal? From the great to the small, patience is not less lofty a virtue than mercy. But is there to be no limit or bound to patience? Shall the perjurer be allowed to continue in his perfidy for ever? Shall mercy be ever extended to the criminal, though his crimes have no end? I ask my countrymen, shall we court danger, shall we provoke the taunt of weakness, by waiting longer? Is not the hour arrived? Is not the cup full up?

So far I have dealt with the injustices to which our own white men and Englishmen have been forced to submit. But there is another great branch to this question, and one which deserves our most earnest consideration.

There are millions of natives in South Africa whom we have emancipated. They hold no meetings. They have sent no petitions to the Queen. Not yet fully emerged from the ignorance and barbarism of the past, they do not understand all the turns of the dispute between the two great white peoples on African soil. But they know that the Boers are oppressing our kinsmen, and that we have interfered on their behalf; and they know, too, by the marks of lashings on their parents' bodies, which Power has befriended them, and what people have been their unrelenting enemies. They have not forgotten, in their childlike and loyal hearts, that it was England which struck away their chains; and they look dumbly, but none the less imploringly, to see her strong arm ever placed between them and oppression. What would become of these unfortunate blacks, if England were to retreat before the truculence of the Boers, and her opponents were to regain their old ascendancy? Surely the Government which fears not to deprive white men of their liberty would not hesitate to enslave the blacks! With England weak, and the Boers strong, who would deny that the weight of the negro's burdens would be increased threefold? It must not be so. We have set our hands to the plough, and our drawing back would be our abandonment of the native people of South Africa, not less shameful than the desertion of our own countrymen.

For it should not be forgotten that the whole dispute between us and the Boers is a slavery question, and, in its root, nothing but a slavery question. When the British flag was raised above the Colony, the Dutchmen were glad enough that we allowed them to be free, but their hard, stubborn hearts were turning against us when we preached in that country the noble doctrine of emancipation. At Slagter's Nek we first made enemies of these Boers—at Slagter's Nek, where were executed the rebel farmers who demanded the right of being cruel to their own slaves. Their enmity was increased against us from the year 1810 onwards, during which time English missionaries drew down their anger by determinedly espous-

ing the cause of helpless, ill-treated natives. In the year 1834, we sealed their hostility to us, by proclaiming, once for all, that their slaves should thenceforward be free men. A triple offence thus have we given to them, and all in the cause of freedom. They have hated the British flag, to their own eternal shame, because it has been a liberating flag. So be it then; but since, three times over, we have made them our enemies by declaring that black men should not be slaves, shall we fear to make them a fourth time our enemies, when the freedom of white men is at stake?

The stiff necks of the Boers must bend, and their stony hearts must break, until they have well learnt the lesson, that those who desire freedom must first give freedom. Do they refuse to learn? They must and they shall yield before the wrath of the imperious English nation. For the angel of England has wielded three hundred years a fiery sword of justice, and of ten adversaries who have risen up to oppose her, nine have ever been smitten to the earth. In the days of Elizabeth, the sword of the angel of England upheld the cause of the Protestant peoples, even as did the ancestors of these Boers themselves, and against the same Spanish oppressor. Once again it was raised, to point to the world the spectacle of the headless body of a man—a man who had once been king, but, because he levied extortionate taxation, as Paul Krüger has done, and because he denied liberty to Englishmen, as Krüger has done, and because he was false to the core, as Krüger is false, he was cast down from his office at the head of the State, as Krüger, too, shall be cast down. Then there arose another man, whose object was to enslave mankind, and whose name was Napoleon. And again the sword of the angel of England was lifted from its sheath, and the gigantic Emperor, whose armies marched between Moscow and Madrid, and from Sicily to the Baltic—who met, defied, and overcame all the legions of the Continent—was smitten on the thigh at Trafalgar, and stabbed to the heart at Waterloo.

And you, PAUL KRÜGER, would you dare to uplift your arm, when this fiery sword is raised against you in vengeful retribution? Would you dare defy, on behalf of slavery, the nation which has made fourteen hundred million people free? And, worst of all, would you dare to oppose the sincerity of the English nation by your craftiness and pretence?—to arm your weakness with a loathsome hypocrisy, and with blasphemous words which, in your mouth, make the Bible the helpmeet of the tyrant, and the despair of the enslaved?

You have cried aloud, that you wish but to guard your country's freedom. If you had not tyrannised over our countrymen—we might have believed you. If we had ever learned to know your words for the truth—we might have believed you. If you had not

been, you and yours, sunk in an ocean of corruption—we might have believed you.

But a few years since, we offered battle to Germany—and the great Germany drew back. But a few months since, we offered battle to France—and the great France drew back. And now, if you will not liberate our countrymen, we offer the same battle to you. What shall your answer be? On you be the responsibility of a refusal. On your soul be the blood-guiltiness of the war you bring about. Persist in your evil course, and the Transvaal shall yet resound to the curses of your own misled supporters. There will be many widows calling to you, "Where are our husbands and sons?" There will be many little children crying, "Give us back our fathers who are gone!"

But what cares for these things a bad ruler bent on war? When the men and women and children who look to you for guidance, as to the father of their country, are sunk in the misery of defeat, you with your vile, corrupt following, will depart with your fortunes from your ruined land, doubtless to seek as your predecessor Burgers sought before you, freedom and tranquility under the flag which you have attempted to abase.

I should be no friend of yours—as I am now, for the sake of my country, your implacable enemy—were I to assist in deluding you into the belief that any considerable party in England will attempt to hold back our Government from making a just war on you. Listen, while there is yet time, to the strenuous voice of the English people! Their message to you is clear. It is: "Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!"

Yet another great point claims our attention. As if the charges which I have already advanced were not enough—as if we could never reach the end of this crushing impeachment of President Krüger and his insufferable policy—I must add still another great reason for exacting stern justice from the Government of the Transvaal. Not merely then did the Boers, as I have shown, obtain their country as a gift, subject to agreed conditions, from the English nation; their lives and properties they owe to the same Power. For as, on the one hand, we bestowed on them their independence; so, on the other, we made possible their very existence. Of this they themselves are perfectly well aware—that our intervention in the Transvaal, in the year 1877, saved the country, not from anarchy and bankruptcy alone, but also from invasion and conquest.

The Kaffir chief Sikukuni had already opened war upon the Transvaal. The Boer expedition sent to attack him had been signally defeated. Immense disaster threatened all the white men in the country, when England stretched out her arm in their protection, and the danger from Sikukuni was no more.

From the redoubtable Cetewayo even greater danger impended. His impiis, vastly more powerful than the forces of the Boers, had been trained to a fierce disregard of death, by a discipline as rigid and severe as that of the Roman legions in the days of their greatest renown. The Zulus, moreover, hated the Boers for a long series of misdeeds. They longed for revenge; and would have swept through the Transvaal, unchecked and unconquerable, strewing in their wake the earthly remains of a devastated race of men. But the Zulus feared the great white Queen, and were withheld from the attack by the armies of the English. "It was a British army," writes Captain Younghusband, "which defeated Sikukuni, and a British army which broke the power of the Zulus."

Let me now sum up, as briefly as possible, our whole position towards the Transvaal and its inhabitants.

In the first place, we earned the hostility of the Boers by our emancipation of the slaves, and by determinedly protecting them from the brutality of their masters.

Secondly, the Boers, having trekked northward into what would now be called the hinterland of the Cape Colony, were permitted by us the right of self-government.

Thirdly, we allowed them to remain independent for twenty-five years, during which time they proved themselves to be absolutely incapable of appreciating the principles of government or citizenship. Their condition was precisely that which Continental anarchists are ever striving to attain. They would not pay taxes; they would not unite; they were without civilisation, education, art, or refinement. They sank, in fact, almost to the level of the Kaffirs themselves, and became a source of disgrace, weakness, and danger to the whole of South Africa.

Fourthly, the British Government came to their rescue, saved them from annihilation, and substituted its firm and humane control for the ignorance and weakness of their own.

Fifthly, the Boers, at the instigation of Paul Krüger, and with the help of the money, organisers, and methods of Fenianism in Ireland, rebelled against the English rule.

Sixthly, Mr. Gladstone's Government, out of sheer generosity and greatness of sentiment, again permitted the Boers the right of self-government, subject to the suzerainty of the Queen; it being expressly undertaken that British subjects in the Transvaal were to be treated on a footing of equality with the Boers themselves.

Seventhly, gold having been discovered in the Transvaal, Englishmen began to flock there in considerable numbers, in the belief that they would be treated as had been definitely agreed.

Eighthly, President Krüger, making a political blunder as gross as the bad faith which pervaded it, entered on the task of sweeping

back the ocean, by attempting to deprive the incoming Englishmen permanently of the political liberty and equality to which they had been accustomed.

Ninthly, all attempts of the Uitlanders to regain their freedom by constitutional means having failed, and all faith in the truth or honesty of President Krüger having been destroyed, the revolution of 1895 sprang up. It ended unsuccessfully; the Uitlanders were totally disarmed; and all endeavours to find utterances for their grievances were rigidly suppressed.

Tenthly, the British Government, having received a petition from great numbers of its subjects in the Transvaal imploring its assistance, at last began to bestir itself and to take measures for their relief. A conference was held at Bloemfontein between Sir Alfred Milner and President Krüger, at which the British representative put forward, on behalf of his Government, recommendations embodying the absolute minimum of relief which could be accepted for the Uitlanders in the Transvaal. The conference ended abortively. The British Government, moved thereto by the urgent and eloquent despatches of Sir Alfred Milner, began to exert steady pressure upon President Krüger, in order to obtain acceptance of the minimum conditions which had been put forward. President Krüger has replied by what almost amounts to a declaration of war. Without absolutely refusing to accede to our demands, he has put forward, with the obvious intention of gaining time, a counter-proposition, by which he agrees to concede much less than what was demanded. At the same time, he silently prepares for war.

Eleventhly. — But the eleventh clause has yet to be recorded.

The hour of the Beginning of the End has come. The last struggle prior to the final appeal to arms has been entered upon. Our Government, with moderation and mercy which it has never more highly displayed since Parliament first sat in England, has looked on, for nearly twenty years, at the oppression of a great body of its citizens. Unable, for the sake of her own honour, to bear any longer a condition of affairs which has extorted wonder and condemnation from the whole world, England has come to the rescue of her children with a declaration of the lowest form of remedy which she can and will accept on their behalf.

The concession which Sir Alfred Milner demanded was little enough in all conscience. If—in view of the broken faith and injustice of the Boers, and of the deliberate undertaking given by President Krüger eighteen years ago—he had demanded the immediate enfranchisement of every British citizen in the Transvaal over twenty-one years of age, he would have asked nothing in the slightest degree unfair or extortionate. With praiseworthy and almost extra-

ordinary leniency, however, he contented himself with a claim for a five-year franchise.

But—and this cannot be too stringently insisted on—this demand was put forward, not as something which England would like to obtain, but as that which she *must* obtain—as the lowest, the absolute minimum which this country will accept. It is, therefore, unalterable. It cannot be lessened by a single hair-breadth. It was meant to be immutable; it was understood by President Krüger to be immutable; and so it must, and does, remain.

When, therefore, the crafty and obstinate President suggests, as his solution of the difficulty, a form of franchise which he knows cannot be accepted, he is but offering insult upon injury, to the Government and the people whom he has already injured and insulted so long. His proposal, in fact, is of that kind which is never meant for serious consideration. He has made it, in the first place, to gain time while his preparations for war are progressing. He has made it, in the second place, in the hope of gaining some support in England and Cape Colony.

Towards this country he has adopted his old pose—now, however, out-worn and ineffective—that of the honest old ruler of the small country, anxious, in the cause of peace, to grant any concession which he can reasonably be expected to yield to the overbearing, powerful, and unscrupulous Empire. What sympathy this renewed hypocrisy has obtained for him in England—beyond that of Fenians, socialists, anarchists, and England-haters of all parties—is not apparent. But, at the same time, it has given to the noisy disloyalists among the Dutch in South Africa an excuse, albeit a pitiful one, for an agitation whose object is the recall of Sir Alfred Milner, for the crime of having been man enough to speak his mind openly and truthfully.

President Krüger's measure of reform is replete with his old devices. It grants little, and even that little, we may be sure, would, if accepted, be whittled and trimmed away in future to nothing at all. His reply to the straightforward and dignified recommendations of the English Government is, in short, as might have been anticipated, but an additional piece of evasion and trickery.

The British Empire is no huckster. Its statesmen do not put forward a proposal for grasping the whole, in order that they may eventually obtain the half. They have formulated honourable demands, and they must hold to them unflinchingly, unchangeably, to the utmost extent of both letter and spirit.

To declare that we will accept one thing, and that alone, and then miserably to accept another quite different—this is not what the world expects of us. There would be something worse than

contemptible, there would be something utterly insane, in the mighty Power, which offers battle steadfastly to any nation or any possible union of nations on this earth, meekly yielding up its demands before the whinings and menaces of a President Krüger. When such an event comes to pass, it may safely be averred that the strength of England is that of a broken reed, and its policy that of a madhouse.

At the beginning of this message to the English people I said that the dispute between our Government and the Transvaal is one involving the very existence of the British Empire; that to take the wrong course would be to court our own disaster. Does any one of my readers now feel the slightest doubt of the literal truth of this assertion? Our countrymen have suffered great injustice, which has not yet been remedied. Our suzerainty has been denied. Our Government has been flouted. The London Convention has been repeatedly violated. Our oppressed citizens have appealed to us for help. We have promised and undertaken to liberate them. The disloyalists throughout South Africa are waiting for a sign of vacillation on the part of our Government to raise against us the standard of revolt.

If our course be one of undeviating firmness, our countrymen will be set free. President Krüger's tyrannies and intrigues will be crushed. The rebellious hopes of the disloyalists will fade completely away. The whole of South Africa will know peace and prosperity, guarded from civil war and from external conquest by the power of the British arms.

But if our course be one of weakness, if we falter, though only for a moment, a fearful prospect is laid open before us. Foreign nations will be encouraged to believe that our seeming huge strength is but a mockery. Our own colonial kinsmen will sink in despair under the belief that our ancient might in the cause of freedom is gone from us. And for South Africa itself there will be nothing but a prolonged and dreadful civil war.

For if our power be gone out of that land, what power is there to take its place? Could President Krüger and his disloyalist friends in Cape Colony erect a Dutch republic or empire? Could our loyal countrymen and supporters in South Africa submit, without civil war, to a Dutch ascendancy of the insufferable type which prevails in the Transvaal?

President Krüger has already exercised, by raid and intrigue, all the means he controls to extend his dominions and his influence. If he were to defeat us in this conflict, either by arms or by diplomacy, wherein would lie South Africa's hope for the future?

There must be no question of a Boer ascendancy. It is only under the English flag that a united and prosperous South Africa

is possible. Let me quote on this subject a distinguished American writer.*

"I confess," he has declared, "that I crossed the Vaal River prejudiced in favour of the Boers." But a stay among them soon convinced him that his favourites were completely in the wrong. "The Boer Government, to-day," he accordingly continues, writing shortly after the rising of Johannesburg, "is applying to a complex modern community administrative principles fit only for a community of cattle-herders and teamsters. . . . *Every white man who was not an official of the Boer Government, and who had any property at stake, was heartily in favour of a reform in the Government.*"† And, finally, here are his conclusions, which must be accepted as quite remarkable, as coming from one who wished to be a friend to the Boers, and whose natural sympathies were enlisted on behalf of the Boer projects for the establishment of an Afrikaner republic. "The flag of Great Britain," he writes, "represents freedom of trade, freedom of thought, beyond that of any flag on the high seas; and in Africa, at least, it is the only flag strong enough and generous for our purpose. It guarantees life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to all within the sphere of its influence. It is, in short, the only flag which to-day makes possible our dream of a white man's Africa."

To go forward, firmly exacting from President Krüger that which he is unwilling to give, is, therefore, our only honourable, our only possible, course. The world expects it of us; all our colonial kinsmen, the great majority of people in Cape Colony, the Uitlanders, the very Boers themselves—all these look to our following a strong, undeviating line of action. To recoil now would be to abandon our loyal colonists, as well as our representative himself; and would bring to the hearts of our enemies an intolerable delight.

It has been suggested, by a few English writers in whom clarity of reasoning is not the most apparent quality, that we cannot possibly make war upon the Transvaal for the sake of our countrymen, because a Dutch Ministry is in power at Cape Town. What official status a Dutch Ministry at Cape Town has in an independent republic under our suzerainty it is not easy to see. There is no direct official connection between the Transvaal and Cape Colony; but there is a very definite official connection, under the London Convention, between the Transvaal and the British Government. For the Dutch Ministry at the Cape to attempt to come between us and a just chastisement of the Boers would be a piece of unpermissible impertinence, for which they could find no warrant in their

* "White Man's Africa," by Poulteney Bigelow. London: Harper and Brothers, 1896.

† The italics are mine.

constitutional powers, and which would end as thanklessly as such impertinences usually do.

It will be observed, naturally, that there is a threat underlying this suggestion: that if we make war upon the Boers in the Transvaal, their sympathisers in the Cape Government will exert their official and personal influence to frustrate our military movements. It might be remarked, in passing, that this would seem to be a very peculiar and unsatisfactory method of proving the loyalty of the Dutch Ministry—the loyalty which has been so often and so loudly proclaimed of late. Should this Ministry desire to stand aside from the conflict, it can indeed do so, with such military forces as it actually controls and pays for; but, in any event, we may have no doubt that the Imperial troops, unaided, would be quite equal to the task of subjugating the Boers.

We need fear nothing from this source. The Cape Ministry would be simply mad to oppose an advance of the Imperial forces, when the immense majority of white people in South Africa would support it. The Uitlanders—forming two-thirds of the population of the Transvaal—would support it. The people of Natal would support it in mass. The Orange Free State—an enlightened country with no sympathy for barbarous and corrupt forms of government—would remain neutral; for its people know that the independence of their State is not and never will be threatened by England, so long as it is not a menace to the general peace. Finally, the great majority of people in Cape Colony itself would support the Imperial Government.

It should not be forgotten that the Dutch Ministry holds office by a very slender tenure; that it was placed in power—through one of the anomalies of representative government—by a minority of the people; and that it would be strenuously withstood by a powerful opposition under a still more powerful leader. Finally, what Cape Colony as a whole thinks of Sir Alfred Milner has been evinced by the great petition in his favour, signed by some fifty thousand people, and by the cordial reception he has received from all classes of people in Cape Town itself. The Dutch Ministry has acted wrongly and unjustly, and has not worked for the peace of South Africa, in giving its unofficial support to the utterly unsatisfactory franchise proposals of President Krüger. But there it would be well advised to stop. If its members are loyal to the British flag—let them prove their loyalty. If they are otherwise, let them remember the punishments which follow on treason.

IV.—SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION.

I have let it be seen plainly what I consider to be the cure for the disorders of which the Transvaal—no, not so much the Transvaal, but Paul Krüger alone—is the cause.

The duty of our Government is Intervention. Once before, when the Transvaal had shown itself a danger to South Africa, we did not hesitate to intervene; and we were right. But now the case for intervention is threefold more powerful than then. Before, the Boers had been weak, but not corrupt. Before, they had not denied to a great body of our countrymen the ordinary rights of civilised human beings. Before, they had broken no trust, and had infringed no Convention. Now, as then, they are a danger to the whole country; but a danger immensely more serious and threatening.

The real ultimatum has been sent—the ultimatum of the English people; but now the definite verbal one should follow. Let President Krüger be given a time by which a Bill, granting the franchise without restriction to all Uitlanders who have lived five years in the country, shall go through the Raad and become law. The time need not be far distant. The Raad is a small chamber, and can discuss its Bills quickly. An important piece of legislation has, before now, been carried through it within the space of twenty minutes. Nay; even a simple resolution of the Volksraad will suffice; for itself has enacted that such resolutions are to be the law of the land as surely as measures regularly passed.

Should President Krüger declare that his burghers would not permit the Act, then his word would be false; for his burghers never have opposed any measures for the wider enfranchisement of the Uitlanders. It is but lately that they acquiesced unhesitatingly in any such proposals as he might choose to make, though never referred to them.

If, by a given date, this ultimatum be not obeyed, then, in God's name let us end the matter once and for all.

As I have no wish to imitate the hypocrisy which I have so frankly condemned in the Boer President, I do not fear to speak of war. On the contrary, I scorn these foolish babblers who prate of peace when there is no peace. Is it for nothing that we expend fifty millions of money every year on our legions of men at arms on land and sea? If these men be kept for usage, what higher pur-

pose can they have, than to liberate a great body of their own countrymen, and to bring peace and unity to half a continent?

But let there be no more Majuba Hills. Let us arm ourselves for the conflict with wisdom in every point and detail. There must be no more of the ghastly blundering which wrecked our little forces in 1881. Since shooting is the word, let our soldiers know how to shoot. I hope there will be no relying on mere masses. Our soldiers should expect to be outnumbered by their adversaries on every occasion; so long as they are in capable hands, and under calculating but daring leaders, it may safely be left to them to prove that an Englishman is a man of better mettle than a Boer.

The Boers are brave men, and they use the rifle well; but they have no principles of cohesion. Their armies should, in every way, be outmarched, outmanœuvred, outgeneralled by the English. It will be seen then that these over-confident enemies of ours will weaken rapidly, as their like have ever weakened, under a series of engagements, for them inconclusive or disastrous. When the fight shall begin to go against them, and the war proves no mere triumphant succession of victories, then they will bethink them of the homesteads they have left, of the cattle ill-tended, and of the crops that are rotting in the ground. Then, too, they will have time to reflect that it is Paul Krüger who has brought them to this trouble, and who, with his corrupt supporters at Johannesburg, urges them to lay down their lives that the corruption may continue.

But, on the English side, we shall see that our men gain strength and wisdom from ill success; that the less easy becomes the work the more stubborn are they in prosecuting their labours. They will not soon cry out that they have had their bellyful of fighting; it is the lack of fighting, the inertia, the disciplined monotony of peace, of which they ever complain. Neither better nor worse than their fathers, they have the hearts of bulldogs; and, once they have set their teeth in the Transvaal, no power on earth will shake them loose from it.

Soldiers of the Empire!—brave Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen, Colonials—into your hands will be given the task of subjugating this iniquitous ruler. Well may you go into this fight, from which many of you shall never issue alive, with a firm heart and a clear conscience. Never in the history of the world did Englishmen fight in a better cause. You will set forth to the relief of men and women of your own blood and race—men and women who have sent up a last despairing appeal for your help.

No people have ever waged so many wars as you and your ancestors; yet of all the battles which you and they have fought, three-fourths have been gloriously won; not one in a hundred has been a dishonourable defeat. Mark this! That in all your long

series of engagements, never has one so disgracefully ended as that of Majuba Hill. In other battles your hopes have been cast down; in this dreadful affair your honour itself was—if only to be at last regained—lost, shamefully lost. And what is a soldier without honour? To men like you it must and does ever come before life itself! You have been taunted by a German woman, the mouth-piece of President Krüger, in this crisis, as hirelings, whose mercenary feet contaminate the South African soil. It was well that, from such a source, a taunt so vile should proceed. In such lips the lying, base name of hireling is well applied—to men who fight for their native land alone, and for one-quarter of the wage which is given to artificers and labourers. I know you well, for I have many friends among you; and I know how that for eighteen years every man of you, from general to private, has hoped for the day when the name of Majuba Hill, as a word of disgrace, should be sponged from the records of the British army. Many times, many times, have men wearing your glorious uniform driven others doggedly from the tops of hills and mountains; but, oh! not before have there lived enemies who could say that they have swarmed up a hillside and flung you from the top—you, English soldiers! But all dishonours and reproaches can be expiated; as the reproach of KHARTOUM was, a little time ago, expiated by your brave companions and their allies under General Kitchener; and you shall expiate even this. I say to you: Remember Majuba Hill!

Rulers of England! The great body of Englishmen are with me, when I pray you to put a manlike end to the tyranny, the broken faith, and the craft of this Paul Krüger, whose Government has defied and insulted you so long. When you waited, and were patient, we supported you, because we believed that, when the hour should come, your deeds would be those of wise and unflinching statesmen, lovers and protectors of their country. The hour has at last arrived. Your waiting has been almost perilously long; wait, then, no longer! Take the right, firm steps to set our countrymen free, and our grateful hearts will be with you.

Englishmen—citizens of the Empire!—support your rulers in this course, and in none other! Let your spirits be united, and your voices be raised for justice; so that the nations of the world shall respect once more the steadfast front of Englishmen, without regard to sect, or religion, or party, in the cause of right and liberty; so that all the inhabitants of the earth shall reverence the name, the counsels, and the acts of the Parliament and the English People.

Englishwomen!—be with your men in this struggle! I know your tenderness, your love, and your self-sacrifice. And I know that, as the honour and courage of your fathers, husbands, brothers,

and sons is the most loved possession of your heart, you will be brave as they, for the sake of your country. If this war come—and I see not how it can be avoided—give your soldiers the word of the ancient Greek and Roman matrons, “Return from this war with honour, or return not at all!” Dreadful and desolating as war may be, the weakness and cowardice of Englishmen would be more dreadful and desolating still.

Think of the long weary years through which your countrymen and countrywomen in the Transvaal have looked back yearningly to England, and have wondered if ever the might of their native land should be put forward to save them. Think of that day when the people of Johannesburg, having suffered much for their love of liberty, shall weep with tumultuous joy to see in the streets and market-places of their town the faces of their countrymen who have come to set them free! Even now their despair is vanishing, and wild hopes are rising in their hearts! Even now they seem to hear, dimly and afar off—as the beleagured men and women of Lucknow heard faintly, in the distance, the skirling of the pipers of Havelock—the eager tramp and the fiery shout of English soldiers making war. Pray, English women, that rank injustice shall continue no longer, and that God’s right at last shall conquer! Pray in the words of Isaiah, the old prophet, who had seen many wrongs flourish boldly for a space, to wither in the end and sink, hated and ignominious, into the dust, that your soldiers shall be a power “to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free.”

As for you, PAUL KRUGER!—ruinous, ruined leader of a vain-glorious and oppressive people—know this! that our sweet England is set up in the world as a towering rock, to be a refuge for the distressed and overburdened, and a strong fort for the foes and haters of iniquity. And, God being with it, no power on earth shall prevail against its might; for in defence of justice it is unconquered and impregnable. And know this, rash, stiff-necked men, who seem about to take up arms against it, that your madness shall be your own destruction; for “WHOSOEVER SHALL FALL UPON THAT ROCK SHALL BE BROKEN; BUT ON WHOMSOEVER IT SHALL FALL, IT SHALL GRIND HIM TO POWDER!”

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